

# *Sketch*

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## Spring Air

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## Spring Air

*Seymour Banks*

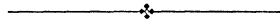
Chem. E. '39

I smelled spring today as I came to the top of the hill  
Where last Wednesday, the snow lay cold, brilliant in the sun  
And deep purple under the tall pines;  
In this odor were the sweetness of flowers and greenness of life.

As I went down from the height, the odor was gone and  
I could see the snow lying under the dark green of the  
Pines and stripped brown nets of bushes.  
It will be cold again and the snow will fall softly but  
Spring will come.

This is how it is, a rhythm:

Night follows day; buds break, give green joy and then wither;  
Knives cut bread as well as flesh. There is no joy without pain.  
It is good that it is so, for spring can be smelled  
Only when snow melts.



## Meteor Crater

*Robert Crossley*

Ag. Jl. '39

Terrestrial hole, barren, stark, vast,  
Ripped into the desert by a celestial blast,  
Hurling from the heavens, blood-red, aflame,  
Huge and hissing-hot with glowing, gassy mane,  
Lighting up the landscape with a sudden bursting blaze,  
Blinding brontosauria as it plunged into their gaze,  
Searing swamps and jungles into sand and dismal dust—  
Leaving just a crater with a fringe of broken crust.